

The Next  
(Revised Second Draft)

By

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BLACK

The year is 2020. Following the destruction of London in a perceived attack upon humanity, the Government has systematically hunted down and captured all known PSYCHICS, a recently emerged strain of human evolution.

The fight for survival has begun.

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION CELL

FORD

...Nineteen counts of trespass, one count of resisting arrest, and most damningly of all... Failure to register.

ANNA, 19 years old, sits in a chair in a dank, filthy interrogation cell. Her face is obscured by a heavy and uncomfortable looking helmet, with wires trailing off and into the wall. She faces FORD, a man in his 50s in a suit and lab jacket, who thumbs through a paper file.

FORD stops flicking through the pages and looks across at her.

FORD

An unregistered telepath.

ANNA clenches her hand into a fist and tries to move her arm, but her wrists are bound to the chair.

ANNA

You have no right to do this.

FORD

Quite the contrary, Anna.

He slaps the folder down onto the table.

FORD

Since London we've had every right to track down aberrant freaks of nature such as yourself. And we have been.

He draws closer to ANNA, until he is inches from her face. Her lip trembles and a tear rolls down her cheek. FORD wipes it roughly with his thumb.

(CONTINUED)

FORD

Don't pretend to be human to me.

He stands up and circles behind his chair.

FORD

With your misdemeanors you've given us every excuse we need to enter you in for processing. And I'm going to find out exactly how that marvelous brain of yours works.

ANNA

NO!

Her voice is amplified as she screams the word. The lights DIM briefly and her helmet POPS and FIZZES. FORD watches her, caught off guard by the event, and then flicks through the file, stopping on a certain page. He regards her momentarily.

FORD

Interesting...

He snaps the folder shut and leaves the interrogation cell.

ANNA is alone in the room. She takes laboured breaths. A sudden rush of noise, a GHOSTLY SIGH, makes her freeze.

ANNA

He-Hello?

There is silence. Then an ethereal voice.

ECHO (O/S)

Anna.

ANNA

Who's there?

ECHO (O/S)

Anna... Join us.

ANNA

Who are you?

ECHO (O/S)

Let go, Anna.

ANNA steadies her breathing.

ECHO (O/S)

Join us.

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

ANNA gasps. She is stood outside of a monolithic red and white structure, free of the helmet but still in her white prison suit. She looks around wildly.

ANNA

No... Not again. Not here!

An EXPLOSION rocks the street, and shakes the ground. ANNA falls to the floor. A cacophony of SCREAMS and further EXPLOSIONS rip through the night.

ANNA

Not here.

ECHO (O/S)

Join us.

ANNA

Anywhere but here.

CLOSE SHOT as ANNA squeezes her eyes tightly shut.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

MATCH CUT on ANNA's face - it is broad daylight. She opens her eyes and looks around, shocked. She is in a cemetery. Graves stretch as far as the eye can see.

Someone stands next to a headstone in the distance. ANNA starts towards them.

ANNA gets nearer. It is a woman in dark clothes, facing the other way.

ECHO

Welcome to the Collective.

ANNA

Who are you?

The woman turns around. She is also ANNA, but her eyes burn a bright white. Her voice is that of the ECHO.

ECHO

I am you, and your kind. I am every  
victim of the subjugation that man

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ECHO (cont'd)  
has forced upon us. I am the  
unspoken given word, and we are  
legion.

ANNA looks at the ECHO.

ECHO  
Join us.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

FORD rubs his chin as the TECHNICIAN studies his laptop.

TECHNICIAN  
The traces confirm it sir, the  
power outage came from a surge  
inside the room.

The TECHNICIAN turns around.

TECHNICIAN  
She was close to breaching the  
helmet limits. I've not seen  
anything that powerful.

FORD  
We haven't yet, have we? Truly  
fascinating. Raise the threshold on  
the dampener, I don't want any more  
surprises.

FORD leaves the room.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL

ANNA is slumped in her chair. She is still. The helmet hums  
audibly. FORD re-enters the cell.

FORD  
You are a very interesting  
specimen, Anna.

She does not move. FORD leans across the table towards her.

FORD  
I wonder what secrets you must have  
hidden away in there...

He sits back in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

FORD

Silence will not help you. If you cooperate, however, I'm willing to make your surgery as painless as possible. And I can tell you, that the kind of surgery you will be having can be very painful indeed.

He flexes his fingers.

FORD

We know you were there, Anna, now tell me. What was your involvement in the destruction of London?

ANNA remains still. FORD exhales heavily.

FORD

Do you want to know how many of your kind I've processed?

The humming of the helmet stutters and stops. Moving only her lips ANNA speaks, but her voice is different, more powerful. It is joined with the voice of the ECHO.

ANNA

Do you mean murdered?

The lights DIM. FORD looks around attentively.

ANNA

137 of my kind have died under your scalpel, Doctor.

A look of consternation grows on FORD's face. ANNA's wrist binds fall to the floor, broken.

ANNA

And yet despite your continued, cruel research, you are still no closer to understanding the secrets of evolution.

FORD pushes himself away from the table.

FORD

Stay back!

The lights FLICKER.

FORD

Guards!

(CONTINUED)

There is a loud CRASH as the helmet that had been on ANNA's head breaks on the floor at FORD's feet. He looks up to see ANNA standing from her chair.

FORD  
No... I'm warning you!

In an instant she is upon him, both hands grasping his collar. They slam against the wall with force.

FORD  
GUARDS!

ANNA puts her finger to her lips to shush him. Her eyes cloud over, and turn white.

ANNA  
Shh. I want you to feel every single ounce of pain that your grubby little hands have ever visited upon another.

FORD  
Ah-

FORD's eyes are wide with terror.

INT. CORRIDOR

FORD (O/S)  
AHH!

His scream ends abruptly. Armed GUARDS move towards the cell.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL

FORD drops to the floor, catatonic. His arm twitches and drool forms at his mouth. ANNA steps over his body.

INT. CORRIDOR

ANNA walks into the corridor, immediately between two pairs of GUARDS. They train their guns upon her.

GUARD #1  
Freeze! Hold it right there.

ANNA stops. The GUARDS do not drop their weapons. One of them speaks into a radio.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD #2

We have a category one, I repeat -  
category one.

ANNA looks down, and breathes deeply.

GUARD #1

Don't try anything now...

Her hair begins to whip wildly around her shoulders. A low RUMBLE builds and she looks up. Her eyes now burn white, hot with energy.

FREEZE FRAME.

ANNA (V/O)

I am the unspoken given word. We  
are legion.

CUT TO BLACK.

GUNFIRE rattles briefly, but is cut short by the sounds of BREAKING NECKS, followed by bodies hitting the floor.

FADE IN:

The GUARDS lay dead on the floor. ANNA, further down the corridor, walks away to freedom.

ANNA (V/O)

And London was just the beginning.

FADE OUT.